

A PRIVATE'S STORY.

Random Notes of What One Man Experienced with the "Gari-baldi Guards."

By GUSTAV BISCHOFF, 39th N. Y.

The 20th N. Y. left the City of New York for Washington, after being mustered in for two years, on May 17, 1891. The regiment was 1,040 men strong. De Cussy was at that time Colonel. De Cussy left the State without permission from the Governor and took us to Washington, and made us swear for three years unless sooner discharged. On that account we had to wait until 23 regiments were mustered in before we got our number, 39. We were known only as the "Gari-baldi Guard" before we got our number, receiving that name because the regiment was composed of so many different nationalities. There were whole companies of French, Swiss, Italian, and Spanish-Cuban, the balance being Germans, Russians, Hungarians, Poles, etc., one Irishman, and a few American-born men. We got along well together. It was only hide and seek in the first

"Here comes Bischoff from deserting." That was a queer welcome, indeed. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Well, you are marked on the books as a deserter."

"And who gave the order?" "The Captain. (The last man I had spoken to at Winchester before I went to hospital.) This Captain had resigned. I fixed it all right with the Adjutant, who blamed it on that Orderly."

ON GETTYSBURG'S FIELD. We arrived at Gettysburg on July 2, 1862, about noon. Upon our arrival we were sent out skirmishing, and in half an hour's time we had a dozen wounded, including Capt. Rose of the 39th N. Y., and a Spanish-Cuban, the balance being Germans, Russians, Hungarians, Poles, etc., one Irishman, and a few American-born men. We got along well together. It was only hide and seek in the first



A PASSING COMRADE GAVE ME A LITTLE WATER FROM HIS CANTEEN.

year, and how many times we marched over the roads in Virginia backward and forward I can't recollect. Therefore I start from a year later with the episodes of my own experience, which I recollect well.

We were stationed near Winchester, Va. We received there one morning seven recruits; they all looked new and fresh, as if they had just come out of band-boxes, and were thus distinguished from the others, who were rough looking, and tanned by the sun. Now, I had a full beard of about a year's growth that covered almost my whole face. The weather being hot, an idea struck me; I went to my barber, Phil Reider (if I am alive yet he barbers in Washington), and told him to cut my hair and take off the beard, except the mustache. He laughed and said: "Let's go up in the rifle pit, so that nobody will see us." There he fixed me up and told me to go ahead.

As I went along I met a company comrade with two canteens. He asked me if I wanted a drink of water, and showed me where the spring was if I wanted to go for water in the future; he took me for one of the recruits, and asked whether there were more recruits in New York. I said there were, and they all wanted to join the "Gari-baldi Guard." He was pleased with the news, and I started in another direction for fear he would find out his mistake.

Passing by an Orderly, he called me in his tent, pointing to a rifle and other equipments, and said:

"There are your things; take them over to your tent."

I said: "I'll be right back; I want to go to the sutler first to buy some tobacco." He must have thought I was a very obedient recruit; he carried the things over himself.

JOKING A COMRADE. My tent-mate was playing cards with another fellow. I sat down on my bunk without a word, looking on the game. After a while I took a drink out of my canteen. My mate said to the other comrade:

"That's a fresh rooster. I think we'll have to teach him the rules and regulations about taking things without asking first."

I acted as if I didn't hear, and kept looking at the game. To stir them up I took the canteen down again, and that broke up the game. My comrade pulled the canteen from my mouth and said:

"That's too much of a good thing. You get out. If Bischoff were here now he would give it to you."

"If Bischoff were here now," said I, "I would take him by the collar and by the seat of his pants and fire him out." My comrade looked at me, surprised, and laughed, and exclaimed:

"What have you been doing with yourself; I didn't know you till you spoke." We then went up together and had some fun with the Orderly.

A few days after this we got an order to march to Front Royal. After a hot march we arrived there in the afternoon. Towards evening a detail was made for picket, and I was posted upon a knoll. After a while a cold wind commenced to blow. My clothes were wet with perspiration from the marching, and I was chilled through in a little time. I tried to walk myself warm, but failed; I became benumbed in every joint and could not get warm. The next day we marched back to Winchester, and I arrived there a very sick man.

When the regiment was ready to march I was not. The doctor would not let me go anywhere but to the hospital at Winchester. I went there and next day found myself a prisoner, but was paroled with a number of others.

We eventually reached Camp Chase, O., where we had a good time for a while, with plenty to eat and drink and nothing to do. I got tired of it, for I was well again, and, finally, after much persuasion, was allowed to return to my regiment.

When I arrived in camp at Centerville, Va., an Orderly shouted to the others:

I went about over the field, and assisted him wherever I could. Later I found a rebel haversack full of eatables, and meeting a line of Union soldiers, one of them hailed me and asked what I had in the haversack. I shared what I had with him and four others.

I found the remnants of the battalion close by this place. It had lost heavily. Two color-bearers had been shot, and the flag and staff had been killed. As I passed my Captain, he said:

"Where were you while the fighting was going on?" Before I had time to answer a comrade, William Mayer, laid his hand on my shoulder, and exclaimed: "Honor for Bischoff. We all saw him, and he helped help seeing him, standing all alone close to the rebel column, hatched as he is now." The Captain had no more to say.

I went to my cap, and I found behind the stone fence where I had cooked the coffee. I think it was almost miraculous that I escaped the fire of the Johnnies, while they were advancing. The bullets were whizzing past me at a lively rate.

The next morning we marched again. After a while we got a new Major from the 1st Del., an A.I. soldier and gentleman. We had a good deal of marching and fighting to do all day, and the fall of 1862, and suffered much from cold weather and snow. We made winter quarters near Stevensburg, and were recruited up to regimental force again. I was one of the volunteers. Our battalion bivouacked at the edge of the woods on the extreme right. Towards

the morning we were ordered into battle by some staff officer, who said: "Boys, we are going to take those works over there."

I did not see nor hear another command, but saw our color-bearer marching ahead. I followed, and another young fellow joined us. What made the delay of the color-bearer, I don't know. We climbed over some felled trees and other obstructions. We rushed up the color-bearer struck the staff, and the Johnnies were driven back. The rebels had really been asleep. I saw some shelter-tents on the other side of the pit, but there was no one there. I had a telescope, and when I got there the battery was gone. I saw a Johnny with a gun in his hand, and followed him, but he disappeared in a thicket.

We met some rebels coming through the brush. They stopped short and uncertainly when they saw us. Some of our men caught up to them, and an officer caught one Johnny by the collar. "Why don't you halt when I tell you?" he shouted.

We went to the right, and coming to an open space, saw very low breastworks, but no one behind them. Upon a high hill further on was a battery. The color-bearer said: "I was not asleep." I said, for I could see them getting ready either to fire at us or leave.

By that time some more of our fellows had come up. The color-bearer asked for volunteers, and about 10 brave fellows stepped forward. They were deployed down the hill, and at the foot the color-bearer cried: "Now, boys, follow me." (He was a good one; he wanted to take the whole rebel army.) I followed him, and when I got to the battery was gone. I saw a Johnny with a gun in his hand, and followed him, but he disappeared in a thicket.

I kept on, and soon found a haversack containing a package of cartridges. I was trying to see if it would fit my rifle, when through the trees I saw a rebel sharpshooter looking towards the 6th or 7th hill. He stopped close by, and I knelt down behind a tree. I was not asleep. I could not load lest he should hear the noise.

TAKING IN A SHARPSHOOTER. I shoved the cartridges I had found into my haversack, and slipped on my foot to within a few steps of him, then made a dash, and struck him on the shoulder with my rifle. He looked around, much surprised, and asked:

"What are you fellows coming this way?" "Of course," I replied. "Didn't you know that? We surrounded you last night."

"If that's the case," he responded, "it's no use," and he handed me his gun. I took it, and he handed me his rifle. I was corresponding elated. I fired the gun, and threw it away. I dropped my rifle, and to my comrade's I handed it. I told him that I would show him where his comrades were.

It was not long after that that a stray bullet struck me, and I fell. I was not yet on top of the hill. They were in the woods on the other hill, and the bullets were flying. I noticed a man lying where it would have been suicide to try to get it. I managed to get down the hill in another direction, and found some of the boys there. I said that they had done well, for a dozen men to take eight prisoners.

My wound proved that the stunning of a spent bullet. I went up the hill with the others where the troops were. I saw a man in his shirt-sleeve, and he was pulling at it found a sword in his hand. A Captain called for volunteers to go to the other hill. I exclaimed:

"You can't see me over there long ago. I just came from there."

"Who was over there?" exclaimed some of the boys. "It was Gen. Burnside, in his shirt-sleeve, and he was pulling at it found a sword in his hand. A Captain called for volunteers to go to the other hill. I exclaimed:

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It stopped, then started waving again. I took aim in the direction of the point where the holder of the flag would likely be, and fired. The flag came down slowly. I did not know what might follow, so ran back towards the battery.

I met a comrade and asked him where the regiment was. "Up on the hill," he replied. "The point was only 100 yards or so from where the flag had been waving a few moments before. After awhile I went to look for the flag, but our own were all around there, and I never saw it again."

On the evening of May 11 we began to march again, and were told to shoot, strike a match, or talk louder than a whisper. I never felt so sleepy in my life before after that night. I was sleeping while marching. I believe.

MOONING DASH. Suddenly we were ordered into battle by some staff officer, who said: "Boys, we are going to take those works over there."

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FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

THE IRON BRIGADE.

An Interesting Statement About the Two Organizations that Bore the Name.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: D. W. KIMMER, Lieutenant, Co. B, 6th Wis., says in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Sept. 7 that the 14th Brooklyn, 22d, 23d, and 24th Regts. of the 1st Division, 1st Corps, were never in the Iron Brigade, and that they did not compose the First Brigade, First Division, First Corps. This reminds me of the story of a lawyer case brought before an illustrious justice. Two witnesses testified they saw defendant strike plaintiff, but the defendant brought four men who swore they did not see the defendant strike the plaintiff, so the justice decided in favor of the defendant.

But we know that the Iron Brigade was named after April 19, 1862, composed of the above-named regiments, was in existence, and so resented throughout the Army of the Potomac, is no reason that it was not so. It was well known that the Wisconsin Brigade took the name second-handed in May, 1863, after the Iron Brigade ceased to exist, owing to the muster-out of the two-year troops.

I was on detached duty from Dec. 2, 1862, till my regiment was ordered home, May 13, 1863, was at Division Headquarters. There were three or four men from every regiment in the division there. Among them was Sergeant Jim Newell, of the 6th Wis.

A day or two before we left for home, in talking of the army our brigade had been known by for over a year. Newell said: "You fellows leave the army, we'll take the name for our brigade." And I will say that the soldiers loved to hear it, never disapproved the name.

On April 17, 1862, we left Catlett's Station for Fredericksburg, a distance of 38 miles, preceded by 8 miles from each of the 1st Pa. Cav., under Col. Bayard, and of the Harris Light, under Col. Judson Kilpatrick. Battery B, 4th U. S. Art., was with us.

We made the march by the morning of the 18th, losing seven men, killed, of the 1st Pa. Cav. Gen. Patrick followed us with his brigade, arriving at the 10th, and when Gen. Auger (who commanded our brigade) informed Patrick that we made the distance in about 15 hours' actual marching, he said that the Iron Brigade was made of iron to endure such marching. Wisconsin Col. Frisby, of the 56th N. Y., named for the Iron Brigade.

A word as to the First Brigade, First Division, First Corps. If Lieut. Kimmmer will turn to pages 304 and 296 of Stille's "History of the Iron Brigade," he will find that the original Iron Brigade as he calls it, was the 4th U. S. Art., and the 1st Pa. Cav., under Col. Bayard, and of the Harris Light, under Col. Judson Kilpatrick. Battery B, 4th U. S. Art., was with us.

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